

## The Nameless 86

### Chapter 86

Under the astonished gazes of the customers of the restaurant, Dyon and Madeleine reached the last step to the 40th level. Only massive oak doors lay before them.

Dyon looked back towards lacchus, saying nothing. Dealing with characters like this meant nothing to him. Trampling on weaklings wasn't something he cared much for, but he wasn't going to allow himself to be disrespected.

Dyon was beginning to think little of this so called martial world. The only grudges he had left were Red and Blue, but they were fleeting memories in his mind. How could 3rd foundation layer fighters be on Dyon's radar?

'I'm excited to see exactly how powerful those Big Sect seeded geniuses are...'

WHISTLE!

A badge hurtled towards Dyon, causing him to smirk, 'Still trying to test me at this point?'

Dyon flicked his finger. A ray of Celestial will penetrated through to the badge, immediately purifying the energy and will lacchus had infused in it.

Dyon leisurely caught the badge, turning away from lacchus without a word.

lacchus could only clench his fists, 'You dare disregard me?!'

Dyon was quite surprised with the badge though. From what he could tell, it was the symbol of an esteemed elder as the ancient character on it should represent a family name. But, that wasn't all. The badge was actually a half step Grandmaster treasure!

A small smile appeared on Dyon's face, 'At least he lives up to his bets.'

Hand in hand, Madeleine and Dyon opened the doors to the top floor.

Whether it was due to their youth or Madeleine's beauty, both were attention grabbers. It wasn't the norm for such youth people to reach this floor.

At the far end of the room, a group of three young men and a two women sat with lofty expressions on their faces as though they couldn't be bothered to even be there.

"Big Brother Ragnor, did we really have to come here just for some ridiculous rumor? This back-water place is going to be the end of me."

A feminine looking young man was pouting as though he was a child.

The man he was speaking to was lean and delicate, blond hair gently falling to his shoulders. He opened his blue eyes after savouring the glass of wine in his hands.

"The loss of our branch family is a stain on the Ragnor God clan's prestige. As family members and auxiliary clans under the main clan's umbrella, it's only right that we were sent to do this.

"Plus, if the Pakal family were to act on this rumor, and it happened to be true, wouldn't that mean that we had warred with them and gained nothing? At least in this situation they don't have access to their technique either. Otherwise, this would have all been for naught."

The feminine looking young man didn't seem convinced, "I still don't know why we warred for a technique like that... it makes no sense. If it was really that powerful, wouldn't the Pakal clan have suppressed us all?"

"Brother Saeclum, I know your family lost many members in order to foretell and guide the battle, but you'd do well to remember what questioning the Ragnor main branch means.

"I won't pursue this because we've been friends for many years, but if you don't want to end up like them, watch your mouth."

The Ragnor family youngster had pointed to two young men standing respectfully behind him. They each had scars running diagonally across their faces.

If Dyon had paid much attention to them, he would have found them to be eerily similar to the scars Red and Blue had... and if he looked even closer, with his perception, he would have realized that each scar was deliberate, as though it were a branding.

The feminine looking young man nodded his head, falling silent. He was bitter and had been for many years. His Saeclum clan was already so small, but as such, they had no choice but to be under the umbrella of a God Clan.

Because their skills were so highly regarded, they were viewed more like treasures than humans. In fact, their family had a special constitution that was exclusive to their bloodline, making their powerful members a true rarity...

“Cheer up Brother Saeclum, coming here might not be all bad even if the rumor is false,” Spoke a young lady whose eyes shone like rubies through her brunette hair. She might have been extremely alluring if it wasn't for her oddly large and hooked nose.

“Why's that Sister Ipsum?” Saeclum asked with a clear, undisguised disdain in his voice.

“While you were busy sulking, the rest of us were paying attention to our surroundings. The Big Sects are having their world opening soon, we might as well crash it. How are they going to say no to us? In fact, they'll probably beg us to participate,” Snickered the young lady with red eyes.

A radiantly beautiful girl with white hair and eyes sat silently, watching the scene.

“It's odd that a member of a family of hippy dippy fortune tellers needs to be told things like this,” Laughed the red eyed girl.

Saeclum's eyes narrowed. “Didn't I tell you to stop coming after my family? You think I want to hear this nonsense from a girl who comes from a family of hook-nosed witches?”

A cold gleam flashed by the girl's eyes, but it was quickly settled, "You're well aware that this is as a consequence of the technique we practice. At least my family doesn't die when we perform our ultimate technique."

Saeclum's eyes iced over as he stared daggers at the girl in front of him.

The rest of the group looked at each other somewhat bitterly. How many times had they already heard this exact argument? They should just get a room already.

"Whoa, let's calm down —" A dark haired black eyed young man with a fierce appearance was about to try and mediate the situation when he froze.